

25¢ A BOTTLE

30 DAY CURE

FOR COUGHS, CROUP AND CONSUMPTION

APRIL'S REMEDY

"CHEROKEE"

The Great Cure for Coughs and Croup. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy for all cases of Cough, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, and all other ailments of the Throat and Lungs. It is a household necessity for all families. Price 25¢ a bottle.

RAILROAD TIME CARD.

CLEVELAND, CINCINNATI AND INDIANAPOLIS R.R.	
GOING EAST.	GOING WEST.
1 Night Express. 7:30 a. m.	1 Night Express. 7:30 p. m.
2 Day Express. 8:00 a. m.	2 Day Express. 8:00 p. m.
3 Accommodation. 8:30 a. m.	3 Accommodation. 8:30 p. m.
4 Express. 9:00 a. m.	4 Express. 9:00 p. m.
5 Express. 9:30 a. m.	5 Express. 9:30 p. m.
6 Express. 10:00 a. m.	6 Express. 10:00 p. m.
7 Express. 10:30 a. m.	7 Express. 10:30 p. m.
8 Express. 11:00 a. m.	8 Express. 11:00 p. m.
9 Express. 11:30 a. m.	9 Express. 11:30 p. m.
10 Express. 12:00 p. m.	10 Express. 12:00 p. m.
11 Express. 12:30 p. m.	11 Express. 12:30 p. m.
12 Express. 1:00 p. m.	12 Express. 1:00 p. m.
13 Express. 1:30 p. m.	13 Express. 1:30 p. m.
14 Express. 2:00 p. m.	14 Express. 2:00 p. m.
15 Express. 2:30 p. m.	15 Express. 2:30 p. m.
16 Express. 3:00 p. m.	16 Express. 3:00 p. m.
17 Express. 3:30 p. m.	17 Express. 3:30 p. m.
18 Express. 4:00 p. m.	18 Express. 4:00 p. m.
19 Express. 4:30 p. m.	19 Express. 4:30 p. m.
20 Express. 5:00 p. m.	20 Express. 5:00 p. m.
21 Express. 5:30 p. m.	21 Express. 5:30 p. m.
22 Express. 6:00 p. m.	22 Express. 6:00 p. m.
23 Express. 6:30 p. m.	23 Express. 6:30 p. m.
24 Express. 7:00 p. m.	24 Express. 7:00 p. m.
25 Express. 7:30 p. m.	25 Express. 7:30 p. m.

IMPROVE YOUR COMPLEXION

BY USING

Lorenz's Elite Face

Powder.

A pure and harmless preparation for the complexion, elegantly perfumed, and free from anything which can possibly injure the skin. An article of such delicate texture that it cannot be detected by the closest observer. I have the agency for this elegant powder, which is sold in 50 cent and 50 cent boxes.

THEO. TROUPE,

CITY DRUG STORE,

Cor. Main and Market Sts.

A friend, who was afflicted so severely with rheumatism that he had to be carried to his bed, and who had been unable to get on his feet for several months, after using three bottles was able to work and has been working ever since. Jerry Sully, Hartford, Ct.

Englishwomen who have more plate than butter can take care of, use their queer little salt and pepper castors as foundations for velvet pinnions, and hide their rings in the hollow. Deceitful nature is also made to support pinnions, and possibly in time the big salvers will be employed as baby baskets. The cake baskets have already been seized upon and made to do duty as holders for large pin cushions.

For neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, gout, sciatica, burns, wounds, etc., the best remedy is Salivation Oil. Price 25 cents a bottle.

The oldest and largest tree in the world is a chestnut near the foot of Mount Etna. The circumference of the main trunk is 213 feet.

The little daughter of the editor of the Titian, O. Daily Star was immolated and permanently relieved of a severe cough by three doses of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. A twenty-five cent bottle of this valuable remedy will cure the worst cough.

The greatest depth of the ocean is said to be 7,300 fathoms.

To be secure from pain use St. Jacob's Oil. It is a cure, and millions know it as such.

Householder with the convenience: "Mr. Putnam, this bill of yours is excessive."

"Pardon me, sir, you overlook the cost of materials. You are not aware, sir, that solder is still \$48 an ounce."

Householder: "Indeed! \$48 an ounce. Well, well! Just mark it paid."—Courier.

A Lucky Man.

"A lucky man is rarer than a white crow," says Juvenal, and we think he knew. However, we have heard of thousands of lucky ones, and we propose to let their secret out. They were people brought down in health, suffering with liver, blood and skin diseases, scrofula, dropsy, and consumption, and were lucky enough to hear of and use enough of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," the sovereign blood purifier, tonic and alterative of the age.

A four-inch dead smooth file has 864 teeth to the face, or 216 to the inch.

After Diphtheria.

Diphtheria is a terrible disease, requiring the greatest medical skill to effect a complete cure. Even when its power is broken it clings to the patient with great persistence, and often leaves the system poisoned and prostrated. Just here Hood's Sassafras does a vast amount of good, expelling impurities from the blood, giving it richness and vitality, while it renovates and strengthens the system.

The dirt, and with its name, is of Celtic origin. It was the side arm of the highland men.

Hop Plasters are made from pure and reliable medicinal agents. Cure aches, pains, weak parts.

Backs of brass of the modern form are found buried in the prehistoric mounds of England.

Blizzards are as harmless now as zephyrs. Red Star Cough Cure is sure. No opiate.

THE FIRE LAST NIGHT.

A Large Two-Story Frame House Almost

Gutted by the Unruly Flames.

At about five minutes after eleven last night the fire engine sounded box 39, Paul and Patton streets. The Centrals and Southern soon responded to the call, and found the fire to be on Grand avenue near Taylor street. It was in a large two-story frame house containing fourteen rooms, and was owned by a widow lady named Howard and occupied by J. C. Lord and family. Mrs. Howard had left for Cincinnati in the morning and had packed up all her household goods and left them standing in boxes in the down stairs rooms of the house. The fire was discovered by John Weigle, who happened to be passing by the house. The Lord family were all at the opera house and did not arrive home until the fire had been burning for nearly half an hour. The firemen labored three solid hours on it and succeeded in subduing the flames about two o'clock. The total loss on contents is slightly over \$1,000 and on house about \$2,500. The cause is supposed to come from the grate. The fire boys say that the house must have formerly been used as an arsenal, as every once in a while a bullet would go whizzing by their ears.

STAR AND CRESCENT SOCIETY.

Order of Exercises and Programme Dis-

posed of at the Regular Meeting Yester-

day Afternoon.

The following very interesting programme was rendered yesterday afternoon at the "Star and Crescent" society rooms.

Salutatory. The Second Settler's Story. Essay. "Nothing venture, nothing gain." Miss Alice Alexander.

Recitation. "The Cockney." Irving Stiles.

Essay. "Unpublished Diamonds." Miss Agnes Burrows.

First Debate. "The popularity of a literary production is a sure test of its merit."

Debate. "The popularity of a literary production is a sure test of its merit." Miss Carrie Wise, Lizzie Hase and Carrie Wright.

Negatives. Miss Wright, Hugh McCulloch and John Roid decided in favor of the negative.

Recitation. "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Miss Sarah Smith.

Essay. "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Miss Sarah Smith.

Second Debate. "The modern orator is equal to ancient oratory."

Debate. "The modern orator is equal to ancient oratory." Miss Flora Plago and Will Russell.

The judges, Miss Wright, Hugh McCulloch and John Roid, favored the negative.

Recitation. "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Miss Sarah Smith.

Valuedictory. "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Miss Sarah Smith.

Adjournment.

THE IMMENSE GAS FLOW.

The Karg Well at Findlay Illuminating the

Whole Country.

The Karg well continues to roar and light up the surrounding country, and there is now no doubt that a great and almost inexhaustible reservoir of gas has been reached. On Saturday a subscription was taken up among our business men and a six-inch pipe erected at the mouth of the escape pipe, so that the gas now escapes and is burned at the height of nearly sixty feet in the air. The light is so bright that it is nearly a hundred and twenty feet and the reflection of the light is seen for many miles around. Besides the excursionists on Sunday, a large number of people from a distance have been in the city and viewed the magnificent scene presented. Each evening crowds, composed largely of strangers, gather at the Main street bridge, and expressions of wonder and astonishment are invariably heard on every side. The gas at the Briggs well also escapes from a standpipe erected Saturday, and adds to the sight from the bridge, where there is fire on either side.—Findlay Republican.

Not Yet Reported at the End of the Line.

Yesterday a decrepit old lady was seen wandering her way down the pike in the direction of Springfield. She was about sixty years of age and had a large bundle under each arm. Her mouth gave signs of being a liberal user of tobacco and the traces of it were to be seen in streaks from her lips to her chin. She accosted a passer to know if that was the road to Springfield and was about to pass on when her informant inquired from whence she came. She replied that she had tramped from Coshocton county and was going to Springfield.

She was dressed warmly, but had even the appearance of being well raised in the life of a tramp. She passed on and the last we heard from her was in the south part of the city, where she was given her dinner and then resumed her journey.—Urbana Citizen.

Wedding Anniversary.

Yesterday, Friday, February the 5th, was the first anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. D. Leedle, and in celebration of that event last night, about forty of their most intimate friends, upon invitation, assembled at their new and commodious residence on the south Limestone street where the evening was most pleasantly spent. A number of programs were prepared for the occasion, the rendition of which was greatly enjoyed by all present. Mrs. Leedle served a substantial supper, which was partaken of with evident relish. The company dispersed at a late hour, wishing the host and hostess many happy returns.

Thrown from His Wagon.

Last evening John Howell, residing a few miles west of John Springs, met with a painful accident while on his way home from this city. As he was crossing the Little Miami railway on the Yellow Springs pike his horse slipped to one side so suddenly that he was thrown out of the road and landed in which he was riding, and fell to the ground, breaking his right arm just above the elbow. Instead of running away his horse stopped still. Mr. Howell gathered himself together and drove back to a surgeon's office here, where the fracture was reduced.

After Thirty-Five Years.

John Keiser, a well-known citizen of Mansfield, was taken to the asylum a few days since, having been adjudged insane. Some 35 years ago he was kicked by a horse and at the time a portion of his skull bone was removed and a silver plate substituted. The wound healed and Keiser fully recovered. He afterwards became quite prominent in the "borg, being postmaster there for many years, and later being engaged in the grocery business. Of late, however, the wound seems to have affected his mind and has now broken down completely.

CHILDREN'S FOOD.

Gluten Flour is an invaluable food for children. It is Brain, Nerve, Bone and Muscle-building food. Substantially free from starch, and entirely without bran.

Dentists warmly recommend it as an aid in strengthening the teeth and promoting the health and growth of the gums.

Gluten Flour is made by Parwell & Rhines, Watertown, N. Y. Send for circular.

Funeral Notice.

The funeral services of the late John P. Rhine will take place at St. John's M. E. church, of which the deceased was a member, at 2:30 p. m. Sunday, February 7, Rev. Henry Truckley will officiate, assisted by Rev. Dr. Leonard. Interment at Fernhill.

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APRIL'S REMEDY

"CHEROKEE"

REMEDY

No, she was not strong, she had never been very strong. Farmer Grey knew it when he married her. Eight children called her mother. She made all their clothes and did her own housework, and yet "mother was not strong."

Farmer Grey said it often, and always regretfully. Perhaps he was unfeeling enough to wish that she were stronger for her own sake, but I fear not. He was a very robust, active man, and exceedingly anxious to get along in the world. Therefore, I fear that his regret for mother's feebleness was simply a regret that she could not do more to aid him in his "getting along" schemes.

She herself regretted that she was not stronger. "Father works so hard," she would say, "I feel as though I was not as much help to him as I might be if I were a real strong woman."

What more would she have done? What more could she have done? And, most of all, what more should she have done?

She kept the house in order. She did a loving, God-fearing mother's duty by her children. She was up early and to bed late. She was busy every hour of the day. She milked and made butter, worked in her garden, cooked for "hands," raised and sold chickens, but never had a dollar of her own.

She could, and did, "when father was rushed," go out into the field and drop corn for half a day, and then come into her hot, stuffy little kitchen and get dinner for fourteen people, and yet—"mother was not strong."

Often wondered if she would ever be strong. She would sit down on the kitchen doorstep some nights long after all the others were in bed dreading the coming of the morning, and hoping it wouldn't be so very hot. She would lean her aching head against the unpainted door frame, cross her tired hands (loosely on her lap, close her eyes and "wonder" about many things.

Some of her neighbors, with families only half as large as her own, kept a strong hired hand in the kitchen, and she would wonder how they managed it. It would seem to have a girl in the kitchen; she wondered how it would seem to her to be away from home every night.

The fondest hope of life for ten years had been that she might visit her mother who lived two hundred miles away. She said she wouldn't be afraid to go. "See, a long ways" alone, and "father had said" she should go if "such and such a thing turned out well."

These things often "turned out well," but mother never made that visit, no, never. "One thing and another," she said, "kept her at home" and one day a message came bringing the news of her death. She would have liked to go even then to see once more that beloved face, even though it was cold in death.

But that was not all. "Seeing as she couldn't do any good there was no use wearing herself out making the trip," so she stayed at home, grateful to father for his thoughtfulness in not wanting her to "wear herself out."

But she was so utterly worn out one day, so worn out in body and mind and soul, that when she closed her tired hands, had called her in the night, and I think she was never again in this world. There was no response of "Yes, I'm coming," when she called her in the gray dawn of a November morning.

One father who had truly loved her, and who had helped her bear her heavy burdens through all these weary years, had called her in the night, and I think she was never again in this world. There was no response of "Yes, I'm coming," when she called her in the gray dawn of a November morning.

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